

THE CALL OF MIDNIGHT ROSE

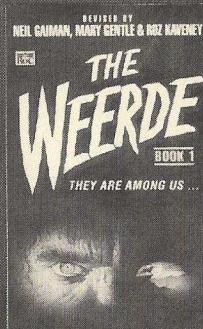


The giants of fantasy are among us

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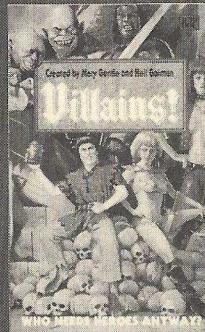
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Eastercon 1992

17-20 April

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Blackpool

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Chairman's Last Address

Well, we've come an awfully long way since that fateful night in the 'Tun two and a half years ago. I didn't really believe then that I would be running an Eastercon now; surely someone else would bid against us? I didn't know how much fun and sheer hard work a large con is, for all that I had been on the Contabule and Uniconze committees. And I certainly didn't appreciate what it is that a chairman really does. Still, now we are here, and so are you (or at least you will have been — I don't imagine anyone is going to read the programme book before Easter Tuesday, and especially not these chairmaniacaal burblings), so why don't we look back at what's happened?

As I'm sure I must have told everyone by now, Illumination started in two entirely separate halves. One half started when Caroline Mullen casually dropped a remark about there not being anyone bidding for the '92 Eastercon. I can take a hint as well as anyone else (sometimes), so I looked around for a committee. Huddled outside I found a bunch of (then) Oxford and Imperial College students that I knew, apparently in hiding after receiving a telepathic warning. Their resistance proved to be fairly low, so after exchanging EMail addresses we went our separate ways and were soon happily engaged in electronic converse about our bid. The problem was as ever the hotel — where were we going to go? A trawl of Milton Keynes (equidistant between Oxford, Cambridge and London, and immediately suggesting the name ConCrete) turned up nothing, so we were reduced to flipping through hotel brochures until Tim Illingworth Conventions Ltd pulled the Norbreck Castle out of a hat. A very large hat.

Meanwhile, a couple of hundred miles to the north, Doug McCallum was dropping similar remarks to Steve Lawson, with similar results (except for the EMail). Very similar results, in fact — both proto-committees zeroed in on the Norbreck with remarkable disregard for geographical convenience to themselves.

The similarities continued. It occurred to both me and Steve that we didn't really have time to run an Eastercon and still earn a living, so we separately made our ways to the 'Ton to tell people this and bow out gracefully (and drink, but that's another matter). Mistake. Tim Illingworth promptly demonstrated the feasibility of cold fusion by knocking our heads together until the two committees became one. I ended up as chairman not because of any innate ability at the job, but because I was the only one with both EMail and phone access. Sigh.

The next bit is rather hazy in my memory. I remember Gytha North, Hugh Mascetti, Steve Davies, Kathy Westhead and Martin Easterbrook flitting about doing Terribly Important Things for us (mostly badgering me into doing things like taking presupports), and then all of a sudden we were on the stage at Eastcon, talking nineteen to the dozen and not letting poor John Fairey get a word in edgeways. I was still terrified that people would be wary of an untried committee with only a smattering of experience, especially after the rough ride that Speculation had had. It didn't really sink in that we had won until I was behind the con desk again and someone said, "Congratulations, you've just sentenced yourself to two years hard labour." After that came the whirl of starting up for

real, pulsing electrons across the land lines to placate the Clements Publishing empire while everything else lay back and relaxed for a while. Hotel negotiations started up in earnest, the programming sub-committee met and decided on many worthy things that subsequently got ignored, and in general all was looking rosy. Oh, we had our share of committee shouting matches, of course, but nothing serious.

Then the Norbreck, or to be more accurate the Crown Hotels chain, went into receivership. Panic ensued, as I'm sure you can imagine. We still wanted to use the Norbreck so as to take advantage of a heavily workshopped programme, but we couldn't use it if it was closed (or not refurbished!). Perforce we started looking for backup sites, both in and out of Blackpool. The strangest part of this was undoubtedly the unsolicited mail from the Brighton Metropol; to paraphrase somewhat, "Dear sir, I hear that you are looking for a site for your convention... PS Fred Hutchings has gone."

Fortunately all that is now behind us. Principal Hotels took over the Norbreck and immediately threw several million pounds into refurbishment, much to our relief, and the hotel is looking much better as a result. Still, the episode left its scars. When the chain went into voluntary receivership back in March, we had a mole in the right place in the Hotel and Conference Centre organisation and were asking the Norbreck nervous questions almost before they knew what was going on!

(That reminds me, I've heard that there has been a small scale sort of whispering campaign warning people off going to the Norbreck. I can understand this, and I expect that the people concerned think

that they are doing a service to fandom. The hotel was undoubtedly in a grotty condition at the time of Frontiers, and the "Escape from the North Wing" was no joke. However, as you will have seen by now, a lot of money has been thrown at undoing the mess that existed then, and the Norbreck has become a very pleasant hotel. Those who would be helpful, beware; make sure your information is up to date!)

With all this hotel hassle, of course, a number of areas of the convention had to start running at the tenth, if not eleventh hour. The programming sub-committee kept having to prepare backup plans for cutting out half of the workshop streams and running a bigger alternative programme, and in general couldn't confirm which items would run and which wouldn't. Ops similarly had to lay plans in a void, and Publicity was overrun with rumour-squashing. Even I disappeared under a haze of people being helpful and trying to haul the convention out of trouble — alas, while the thoughts were kind, the actualities were often rather limited — and simultaneously discovering that the Chairman's job involves management skills that I simply don't have. I've got by on shaking things every now and then to make sure that they still work.

Which brings us, by a convoluted and rather rushed route, up to today. It only remains for me to wish you (will have had) a good convention, and to thank you all for coming. From myself, and from Alice, Amanda, Anne, Dave, Dave, Ivan, Jason, John, Nick and Steve, thank you and God bless.

Rhodri James, Chairman

Just Who Are These Invisible Idiots, Anyway?

Amanda Baker (publicity)

Back in the days when I thought a con was a confidence trick, I was dragged up to an Imperial College SF society library meeting, where I was invited along to something called 'A Tun'. I remember it being rather overwhelming (everyone knew everyone but me), but I liked it enough to repeat the experience several times. Meanwhile, I had missed my first Picocon (Picocon 6) by going home to visit my parents during my second term at Imperial ... not that attending Picocon 7 did anything to prepare me for the thrill of the WorldCon at Noreascon 3! In 5 days, I met what seemed like the whole British contingent of fans, and discovered that I was hooked on conventions. I have attended every WorldCon since, and hope to continue that record. I manage all this globetrotting as part of my work - I am doing a PhD in Astrophysics in Cambridge right now, which involves flying out to telescopes all over the world (mainly Hawaii so far). (This may sound cushy - let me bore you to tears with my 10 hour rant about all the disadvantages some time!). Anyhow, Illumination was almost a complete accident for me (cue 10 hour rant about stopping boyfriends saying Yes! when asked to run conventions). But I have gained a lot of friends and experience whilst doing publicity for Illumination; and I hope to gain a lot more once we get to Blackpool ...

John Bray (Programme)

John, Oxford graduate, programmer, beard & glasses, 24 going on 40, seeks intellectual stimulation and personal commitment from brunette, to share interests in SF with plots, really hard science, hill-walking, architecture (esp. castles) and

G&S. Based in Surbiton, transport nexus of SW London, will shower largesse on all comers. Every applicant to receive a sample of Old Bray's Kentish Ways, inane folklore learned on familial knees.

Dave Clements (publications)

Another victim of Imperial College, I discovered SF fandom in my freshers week sitting in an empty room in the Union Building huddled around a cardboard box which was the library. I thought "this isn't for me" and left. Picocon 2 was my next experience, and I rather enjoyed this. The next year, I learnt my first fannish lesson (never volunteer) when I asked them if there was going to be another Picocon, and got lumbered with running it. I ended up running the society and the next 5 Picocons. In 1987 I went to my first real convention, Conspiracy, and got my first taste of real fandom. The rest should be left untold, but probably won't be.

Dave Cooper (treasurer)

I am a civil engineer from Sheffield. I work for the designers of the Channel Tunnel but my expertise in waste water treatment. I discovered fandom in 1987 when I knocked on Steve Lawson's door. Eighteen months later I bought that door and the rest of the house from him; and later helped him to marry Alice. My first convention was Albacon 87 but it wasn't until the Illumination committee was put together that I became involved with running conventions. The post of Treasurer was the most apt. Having a numerate job, a high regard for money; but especially being a Yorkshireman, have helped me immensely in this task. At Mexicon IV last year, I was honoured to receive the

Eastercon 1992

most serious and onerous task of being Pam Wells Official Groupie. Other interests: Food, money, Forteana and not having a cat called Mostyn.

Alice Lawson (membership)

What are you supposed to write in these things? I am 34, married and live happily in Sheffield with my husband Steve and our three cats. Well that's about it without boring you all to tears (that's if you ever read these pieces). I could tell you I like fandom because I feel I belong here, but then so do you or you would not be at this con. If it is your first con, I hope you enjoy it and feel that you would like to belong. My first con was Conspiracy, and I must admit I felt overshadowed by the force of it. I had never been anywhere where so many people know each other and obviously enjoyed each others company. My most vivid memory of Conspiracy was watching Justin Ackroyd hugging everyone (it seemed to me he hugged everyone in sight). He saw me watching him and smiling. He looked at me and said "Just wait. One day you will understand". He was right; for me, fandom is having lots of friends you like being with, and when you meet a friend you haven't seen for a while, you hug them. I hope if this is your first con you will, amongst other things, meet lots of people who will soon become your friends.

Steve Lawson (membership)

Born 1956, discovered "fandom" 1979. Never been the same since!! (well that was informative Steve... Ed.)

Nick Mills (Operations)

Nick conforms to at least two fannish stereotypes by being a bearded computer programmer. A yorkshireman born and bred (you can tell a Yorkshireman, but not much), Nick lives in Sheffield with a small and vocal tabby cat. When not indulging his tastebuds as a gourmet and enthusias-

tic cook, his other spare time interests include chess, world cinema, trivia quizzes and watching cricket. His many years of participation in fandom have led him to write in an apa-zine and to work on four Novacon committees. At performances of the Rocky Horror Show he has revealed a very shapely pair of fish-net clad legs. He will not be so attired during Illumination (why not? ... Ed). If you want to spot him during the con, he's the one desperately trying to patch up things with gaffer tape.

Anne Page (hotel liaison)

A multi-faceted fan, Anne Page loves all kinds of science fiction and fantasy, and has been attending and running conventions for more years than she cares to remember. The range of conventions with which she has been involved cover media to sercons (serious conventions Ed.), Worldcons to minicons for 30 people. She is usually found masquerading as an M.C. behind a microphone and is at her happiest in costumed company. Other passions in her life include cats, drama, humour, leather jackets, silk, satin, velvet and tall handsome young men!

Rhodri James (chairman)

A traditional beard-and-glasses Cambridge fan, Rhodri was unlucky enough to be standing too near the SMOFs when it was noticed that there was no 1992 Eastercon bid. Having trained through a couple of small cons, Uniconze and Contabile, he is slightly worried that his third con is an order of magnitude bigger. His tastes are not particularly adventurous, running to roughly anything that's easier to read than Dhalgren, choral music and heavy knitted pullovers. He is 6 feet tall, dark haired with the odd premature grey streak (are you surprised?), and can probably be identified by his fanzine, "The Light Stuff", and his nervous breakdown.

ENTER THE WORLD OF
CHUNG KUO
WITH
DAVID WINGROVE

co-author with BRIAN ALDISS of *TRILLION YEAR SPREE*

At 6pm on Saturday, April 18th in
the Lancastria Suite of the Norbreck
Castle Hotel, Blackpool where he
will talk about being

'LOST IN THE LIBRARY OF BABEL'

Geoff Ryman: Telling the Truth

Note: Colin Greenland kindly agreed to write an article for us on Geoff, but has been too unwell to complete it. Instead we reprint a piece he wrote on Geoff for Novacon 19.

The bad news is, Geoff Ryman loathes writing. The good news is, he can't stop doing it.

For Ryman, writing is the real thing, or nothing at all. 'It would be just as much work, if not more,' he reflects, 'to write badly as to write well.' What he means by writing well is telling the truth, an obligation of all writers, if they are not just wasting time and trees.

It's all there is his first published story, 'The Diary of the Translator'. It appeared in 1976, in Hilary Bailey's *New Worlds Ten*, and tells of a far future, post-verbal world where everything is immediately available and nothing is authentic. The narrator, whose job it is to make glib, superficial thought-tape transcriptions of approved ancient novels, gets too involved with Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* and incurs the disapproval of the authorities for reinventing the obsolete practice of literary creation.

If on one level 'The Diary of the Translator' was a young writers plea for autonomy from publishers and other benevolent dictators, it was not a callow one. Ryman is one of the minority of established authors that have day jobs. He works for the Central Office of Information: 'copywriting for the state', which is *not* to say the government. I have doubts about the profession of being an author. It creates all those expectations, this thing that gets milked.

People expect something new every eighteen months, and so your work gets all caught up in these anxieties and considerations of the ego, while the real self that really writes the book goes on taking its own sweet time. So there was an eight-year gap before Ryman's fiction next saw print. In that time he produced two pieces of work as powerful and moving as they are different and distinctive.

A manuscript copy of Ryman's first novel, *The Warrior Who Carried Life*, was in circulation in fandom in 1982, if not before, but it wasn't published until 1985, in Allen & Unwin's Unicorn line. The nearest Ryman has ever, or (one suspects) could ever, come to a generic commercial fantasy, *Warrior* is the story of a young woman who acquires magical powers and goes on an arduous quest into the underworld, initially for vengeance against the evil overlords who have disfigured her and maimed her family, but eventually to redeem their souls and the world.

The Warrior is radiant proof of something Michael Moorcock's always saying, that there is no virtue (or lack of it) in any particular fictional form; every for is only as good as the writer using it. Even the poor old cosmic quest novel can be reinvigorated, and Ryman does it here: firstly by rejection the usual third-hand pseudo-medievalism in favour of elements from other cultures, other myths; and secondly by a resolute and compassionate attention to the truth of human pain, so often glamourised or simply, squeamishly, avoided by fantasy writers.

The Warrior also introduces us to Ryman's admirable calm, objective style, which has

the ease and authority of the fireside teller of tales, rehearsing everyday wisdom for the village, the tribe, the family. Characteristically, Ryman disclaims any technique. 'I believe,' he says, 'that when you write a sentence that is true, it will automatically be a very simple, obvious sentence. It just happens to be very difficult to write a sentence that is true.'

All the principles that made *The Warrior* so vivid and penetrating are just as active in the story which preceded it into print, announcing the arrival of Geoff Ryman to the fiction-reading public, or at least to those members of it discerning enough to be reading *Interzone* in 1984. Before *Warrior* was even accepted for publication, Ryman was at work on an outline for a novel set in Cambodia. But never having been there, or anywhere near, and with his dedication to truthfulness above all else, he despaired of his ability, even of his right, to write it.

Eventually, after prolonged conversations with a friend and neighbour who had lived in Canada, and in Thailand 'Researching', as he puts it, 'the content and delusions of the insane', Ryman realised he could write his story, of an ordinary, courageous, oppressed woman who loses her husband, her home and her entire way of life, in the form of a fantasy tale, in which death talks and sings, sharks breathe havoc from the sky, and houses creep into heaps for company. Just because SF and fantasy traffic in the unreal, says Ryman, that doesn't mean they're exempt from the duty to tell the truth. If anything, the opposite: fantasy, he believes, is a way of engaging the logic of dreams. 'Dreams show us reality undisguised, with all our real feelings about things.'

So he wrote his story, bringing to it not just his friend's experience of the Far

East, but his own of living in Canada and California and Britain, all places where he has witnessed, in his own lifetime, the destruction and replacement of cultures. When the story (originally called 'The Crow that Warbled') was finished, Ryman recalls, 'I wasn't going to send it out anywhere. I didn't know if it was good or bad, but I assumed it was unsaleable.' Mike Dickinson and Tom Shippey were among those who lent their weight to persuading him he was wrong, and the editors of *Interzone* agreed. They published it as 'The Unconquered Country'; it won the 1985 World Fantasy Award for best novella, and later that year appeared, sensitively and strikingly illustrated by Sacha Ackerman, as a book from Allen & Unwin.

Also published that year was *Interzone: The First Anthology*, for which 'The Unconquered Country' would have been top of the list for inclusion if it hadn't turned out to be just-about-contracted to Unwin. Meanwhile, the author had written, directed and performed in an acclaimed dramatisation of *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer* at the first Mexicon, and was now extending 'The Unconquered Country'. Apologetically, he mentioned that he had got something else they might want to look at. This turned out to be 'O Happy Day!', one of the fiercest and most direct stories ever published under the auspices of *Interzone*. Sparked off by the cause of a friend ostracised by her women's group, it's an account of what happens after a successful totalitarian feminist revolution, in a extermination camp staffed by homosexual men.

Sexual politics might have been a new topic for Ryman in 'O Happy Day!', but it was not a new concern. Sex roles and the way we inhabit them are very much a part of *The Unconquered Country*; and the titular character in *The Warrior Who Carried*

Life magically assumes a male body to carry out her scheme of vengeance, thus providing the cheering image of male power and female perception working together for once.

mysterious, sacred, composite source text more than he could meet yet, whatever it said on the contract.

Fiction, which Ryman has called 'history's bastard child', must be answerable to the issues of its day. It's a social function; which is why it's so important to have an audience in mind. Ryman, like all responsive SF writers, is grateful for the existence of fandom. 'The marvellous thing about fandom is, it's given me a context,' he says. 'I know who I'm writings for.'

Instead, his next published work was a science fiction novel. *The Child Garden* is based on 'Love Sickness', his novella about love, art, and advances in medicine, serialised in *Interzone* in 1987. Also in 'Love Sickness' is a motif that echoes all the way back to 'The Diary of the Translator', of people who read books to turn them into an instantly assimilable form for other people who think they're beyond reading. Geoff Ryman things these people are wrong. If I've talked here about the incidentals of Geoff Ryman's career and opinions, and deliberately avoided saying much about what's actually in his wonderful, warm, quizzical, infinitely generous and conscientious stories, it's because I agree with him.

Writing, he argues, is a public art. It's quite independent of the publishing business, of what people are selling and buying at any one time; but it's also independent of the authors's individual ego, of the private toil to do the work and do it well. 'A book doesn't care who writes it,' he says. 'When it's time for a book to be written, it'll be written. It's a modern myth that a book needs an author. *Gilgamesh* didn't have an author, and that's a book that's a real power in the world.' 'history', Ryman's novel based on the Gilgamesh story, is currently shelved, this particular author having found the demands of his ancient,

Colin Greenland

*** Since this article was originally written 3 years ago, Geoff Ryman has won the Arthur C Clarke award for *The Child Garden*. His most recent book *Was ...* is now available.

Call It Anything

(All culled from the recent issues of *New Scientist*)

A wind from the centre of our Galaxy collides with a red supergiant star about one light year from the Galactic Centre. The wind meets material streaming away from the supergiant. Two Americans are mapping the resulting bow-shock - events taking place about 27,000 light-years from the Sun. What could illustrate better the loneliness, the coolness, the distance, the beauty of science?

Molecules have been found in space ten times further away than any found before. They are in a giant cloud of gas, with a redshift of 2.29. This means, apparently, that they were formed when the Universe was less than one-fifth of its present age. The cloud is 60,000 light-years across. And your own editor has discovered that this same cloud also contains massive quantities of dust.

On 5th December, an enigmatic object only a few metres across passed about 500,000 kilometres from the earth, in an orbit similar to ours. It was thought at first to be a returning spacecraft launched from Earth, but there is nothing on record with a matching trajectory. The orbit is more like Earth's than any known asteroid. Said one scientist 'I've never seen anything like this before'.

Chemists in Australia have designed molecules - porphyrin units - that, when joined

in a chain, make a conducting wire of molecular dimensions.

John Ross of Stanford university has designed a computer that could calculate by changing the balance of five human enzymes, compartmentalised in a common bath of the same enzymes. The compartments can flip quickly from high to low concentrations of a particular enzyme, NADH. Like a switch.

'Teraflop' supercomputers which can work out a thousand billion sums a second could now be built, but they would cost £170 million. But in up to three years the price could fall to one-tenth that sum. They could be used in weather forecasting and in mapping the human genome.

Improvements in ultraviolet light technology (used for etching microcircuits) now mean that silicon chips can be made even smaller, without having to move into using X-ray technology as had been thought.

There are a thousand stories out there, howling to be born.

It's your turn.

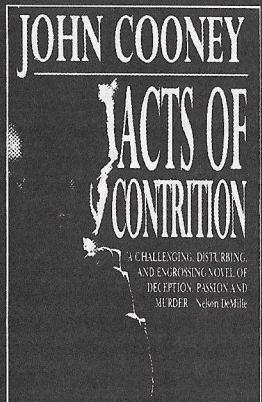
Geoff Ryman



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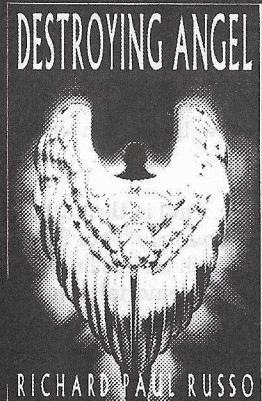
GEORGE TURNER

BRAINCHILD

Not only a mind-stretcher; it is a breathlessly exciting adventure
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All titles above published on 16 April, all titles below
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RICHARD PAUL
RUSSO



RICHARD PAUL RUSSO



JOHN GRANT

CRAIG SHAW
GARDNER



The Equivergent Paul McAuley

Maybe I'm easily led, but I'm a sucker for simplistic models of how the mind works. Perhaps one of the more simplistic of conceptual frameworks I've had in my head for a long time is that people, when they think at all, tend to operate as basically divergent or basically convergent thinkers.

You get the idea: divergent thinkers (who are all fools) are the creative, bohemian types who paint, write, compose music and come up with all the arty-farty stuff. Divergent because they start with an idea and open it out to all kinds of vertical and lateral connections in order to reach a particular form of understanding.

Convergent thinkers on the other hand (who are all knaves) are those more likely to take an idea and narrow the field of understanding down to manageable formulae, equations and lists: mathematicians, scientists and computer-literate types.

An unrestrained diverger is probably a schizophrenic. An untrammelled converger is probably a train-spotter. But what happens when you get a converging diverger, or for that matter a diverging converger, finely balanced? This doesn't happen very often, but when it does it's worth watching. Because that's when you get a clever bugger like Paul McAuley.

Paul is a research doctorate, an academic scientist. Don't ask me what he does. Hydroponics or something, and it sounds excruciatingly boring. As I understand it he wears a white coat and every couple of hours has to go and check up on a tray of

watercress, just to make sure it's behaving itself properly. Personally I had this sort of thing covered in primary school. We all took a jam jar with our names stuck on the glass, and left a broad bean inside on a bit of blotting paper; then we put it on the classroom windowsill, abandoned until half-term, when the teacher decided it was time to throw them away. The significance of this was lost on me then, as is Paul's work now, but there you are, governments pay money for this sort of thing, so let's not get into an argument about it.

The point is, Paul has hours and hours and hours, in between disciplining the watercress, to dream up his fabulous novels. And a good thing too. Not that he admits it, because if you ask him whether he regards himself primarily as a writer or as a scientist, you'll get some smart-alec answer and serve you right for asking. But what can you say about someone who prefaces his novel with the following quotation from Kurt Gödel:

To every Ω -consistent recursive class of formulae there correspond recursive class-signs r , such that neither $(v \text{ Gen } r)$ belongs to $\text{Flg } x$ (where v is the free variable of r .)

Hell's bells! And then he has the audacity to match it with a few lines from John Milton!

To the novels, quickly. Paul is the author of three novels to date, namely "Four Hundred Billion Stars", which earned him the coveted Philip K. Dick Memorial Award, "Secret Harmonies" and "Eternal Light". This last has been nominated for this

year's Arthur C. Clarke Award. He has already won a serious reputation as one of the fastest guns in the world of hard SF. His science is clean, clear and precise and his world-building inventiveness is dazzling.

But let me be contentious and say that his best stuff is not in his hard SF at all. He is the author of numerous short stories, is a frequent contributor to "Interzone" and has published a short story collection called "King of the Hill", and it's here that you'll find some of his best writing.

I admit, I'm partisan in this claim. I'm not a particular aficionado of hard SF (Kurt whatsisname puts me squarely in my place before I even get to page one) but I am an admirer of very fine fiction. And this brings me back to my long introduction about convergers and all that.

The superb short stories of "King of the Hill" offer, in general, a less rationalist framework for the play of characters in his fiction. In fact, like real people, his characters are much more likely to give way to irrational, or emotional impulse than the protagonists of any of his truly hard SF. The reason for this is that when technology or science itself becomes the hero of a novel, human beings are doomed to be a supporting cast, their responses framed by the technology and plasticity of their fictional environments rather than by the normal matrix of human emotion.

My point in saying all this is not to knock hard SF, but to suggest that Paul McAuley is going to be the writer who addresses this truly futuristic moral question. Because it may be that the above point is true per se and not just true of conditions created in fiction. And if that is so, then heaven help us.

And if heaven won't, here's a writer who might. Paul McAuley is not satisfied with the false split between Humanist needs and Rationalist theorising; but he's also impatient with the Cargo Culture (Zanussi machines dropped from outer space without anyone knowing How Things Work). And as I said before, he's one of those gifted equivergent individuals who only come along once in a while.

Look at the delivery of many an acclaimed hard SF author and a brilliant play of ideas will be offered in silicon characters and flat, tuneless prose. The monotone of the seasoned train-spotter. Not so with McAuley. His prose is as clear and as clean as the science itself, and his characters bleed humanity. Sharp adventure combines with lucid storytelling. "Eternal Light" is easily his most ambitious work to date. (In the rock music world they talk about the difficult third album.) It's a novel replete with sensational events: battles in space, last-minute escapes, cliff-hangers, bloody mutinies, religious fanatics fighting military men, all drawn against an astonishing background of technical data.

Ambitious, yes. Because as a writer he moves on. And best of all, he refuses to be genre-bound. Some of his short fiction is set in what has been dubbed his "Golden Universe", but he's frequently unafraid to make use of mythological and pop-cultural elements. In "King of the Hill" and "Crossroads" there is also a real feel for the way politics plays with people's lives. It all points to fascinating things for the future. If after all this praise I'm allowed a tiny note of dissent, it would be to point out that if there is a thumbprint in one of the pans of the golden scales, it is on the side of the convergers, the tech side he loves so much. But I happen to know that future projects (after he's finished another main-

Illumination Programme Book

stream SF novel set on Mars) suggest novels set in Renaissance Italy and Chicago in 1968. Roll on the event. What more can I say? If you like it hard, try "Eternal Light" or start with "Four Hundred Billion Stars". If you like it with more feeling, go for "King of the Hill". As for the man himself, if you haven't already met him, make sure you take the opportunity while you're at Illumination. Go on, pluck him by the sleeve. Detain him. Don't be put off by that first impression of cold, hard intelligence or the bizarre quips, that's just basic shyness and his grammar school ways coming out. Believe me, it melts quicker than the ice in the whisky you're going to buy him. You'll meet a genuinely nice guy with a great sense of humour and a mind like a razor; you'll also see why he's such a worthy Guest of Honour.

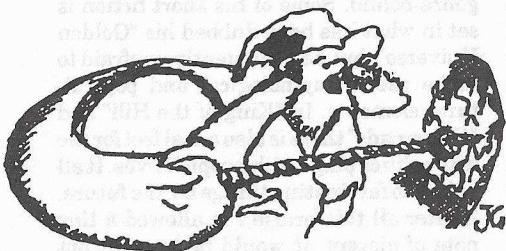
Standing at the bar one convention we

somehow fell into playing a ridiculous game, where for some reason you were only allowed to communicate with words beginning with the letter E. This quickly degenerated into E-type descriptions of people and events happening around the immediate bar area. After we'd got through stuff like egregious and empurple and echolalia, Paul got a grip of himself, slotted his glass back on the bar and shouted "Enough!" Whereupon he sensibly went to bed.

So there you are, I warmly recommend the man and his writing. I put it to you that he's a most equivergent fellow, and I win the E-game on paper afterwards.

Graham Joyce

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Taking Tiger Mountain (by Strategy)

Notes towards a deconstruction of the construction of Red Dust.

It's all Colin Greenland's fault. He sat me down in front of a tape recorder (this was at the WorldCon in Holland) and asked me as he'd been asking other writers something along the lines of what I thought about British SF. And I said something like maybe we should loosen up, we should get less serious, we should write SF novels about Chinese cowboys on Mars, which was a vague undefined idea I had in the front my head at the time. And then Colin published an article, in *The Sunday Times*, no less, and here it was. So, Colin, it's all your fault. Not for asking the question, but for taking my reply seriously enough to report it, which meant I felt that I had to write the damned thing. But as so often happens, Colin, it turns out that *Red Dust* isn't what I thought it might be. The shape of the territory is the roughly the same, sure, but as for what's mapped into it ...

All of a sudden there are a lot of novels about Mars, and a lot about Elvis Presley. *Red Dust* is set on Mars, and there's a sort of Elvis Presley in it, but it is the future's idea of what Elvis Presley was. Let's face it, even we're unsure just who Elvis Presley really was: I think just maybe so was he. Was he himself, or what the world thought he was. In the end, the world always wins. In *Red Dust*, Elvis is an alien.

"Jesus is not Elvis's avatar: Elvis is *his*."
-Greil Marcus, *Dead Elvis*.

We call Elvis Presley the King. The Chi-

nese call Elvis Presley the King of the Cats.

Mars is Mars. We know more about the surface of Mars than we do about the interior of the Earth. Mars and Jupiter and Neptune - they're all places, now. Curiously, specific detailed knowledge about the geology and geography, the atmospheric chemistry and weather of Mars frees the SF writer. We no longer have to imagine how Mars might be as a place; instead, we can imagine how it might be to be a human being on Mars.

There are also yaks - and cowboys, but the cowboys aren't Chinese, they're mostly Tibetan. Because of the yaks, I suppose. There's also a Messiah, kind of. A reluctant Messiah (but all true Messiahs are reluctant). And Chinese, of course, but not communist Chinese. A Square of Heavily Peace. Not to mention the Abominable Snowman, a lost Lamasary with a horrible kind of immortality, extinct monsters, living blimps, a Grand Canal, wide Dust Seas and the Free Yankee barbarians who sail them. And dolphins (this may be the first SF novel with dolphins on Mars). And Tiger Mountain, which is the largest volcano in the Solar System.

"Veteran revolutionaries only end up as monsters and ghosts."

-Deng Xiaoping.

The Lincoln automaton in Disneyland. The mummified relicts of Lenin and Mao. Mummification is a rejection of the final processes of decay, of the thingness of a human being dissolving out of history.

Authoritarian states automatically reject the inevitability of death, of entropy ("We shall go on and on and on..."). The terrible notion that the first immortals (if it's medically possible) will be politicians.

Lenin's preserved body was badly damaged when it was incorrectly stored away during the Second World War. The Chinese embalmers botched the job on Mao Tse-Tung; they had to call in North Korean experts to save their leaders disintegrating corpse, but even this didn't work, and now Mao lies in an airtight crystal sarcophagus.

"The Confucian notion that China could be ruled over by only one monarch, the Son of Heaven, was so deeply entrenched

in the psyche of the Chinese people that it buttressed the *unity* of the country and enabled a *centralised* imperial state to last for over two thousand years ... The idea, translated into modern terms ... still exists today."

-Ranbir Vohar, *China*.

The library in Wim Wender's *Wings of Desire*: an aviary of angels, each eavesdropping on the whispering thoughts of the silent readers.

*STATUES OF ELVIS FOUND ON MARS
Satellite beams back 'All Shook Up'.*

-Headline in the U.S. *Sun* newspaper,
20th September 1988.

Paul McAuley

The Gibberish Fans Speak

A Selected Glossary by Amanda Baker

con Any word containing the string 'con' probably is/was/will be the name of an SF convention

Atlanta in '95 The US bid for the 1995 WorldCon

Confiction The 1990 WorldCon, held in the Hague, Holland; noted for its truly international feel

convention A gathering of SF fans, sometimes with a particular theme, or focusing on a sub-genre of SF; a party lasting a day, a weekend, or even a whole week; WARNING: Addictive

costume fan A fan who creates, or recreates, or wears SF costumes

fan An SF fan; a member of fandom; a 'right on' person; not to be confused with a mere 'fan of SF'

fandom The nebulous, anarchic 'community' of SF fans; sometimes subdivided eg. con fandom, media fandom etc.

fantasy Imaginative literature that doesn't concern itself with science
Glasgow in '95 The UK bid to hold the 1995 WorldCon

hard SF which includes hard science eg. physics and chemistry, and these days also biology

lift-party A party in a lift (elevator) usually statistically convened due to the heavy usage of lifts at conventions

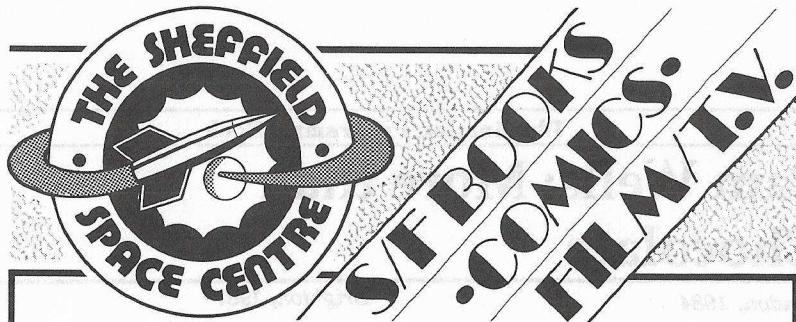
Metropole Hotel in Brighton in which the 1987 WorldCon, Conspiracy, was held. Remembered due to its uniquely objectionable manager, and a strong resemblance to a building site

minicon A pretty damn small convention

mundane Anyone who is not a member of fandom; occasionally used as a form of abuse

neo Short for neophyte; someone new to fandom

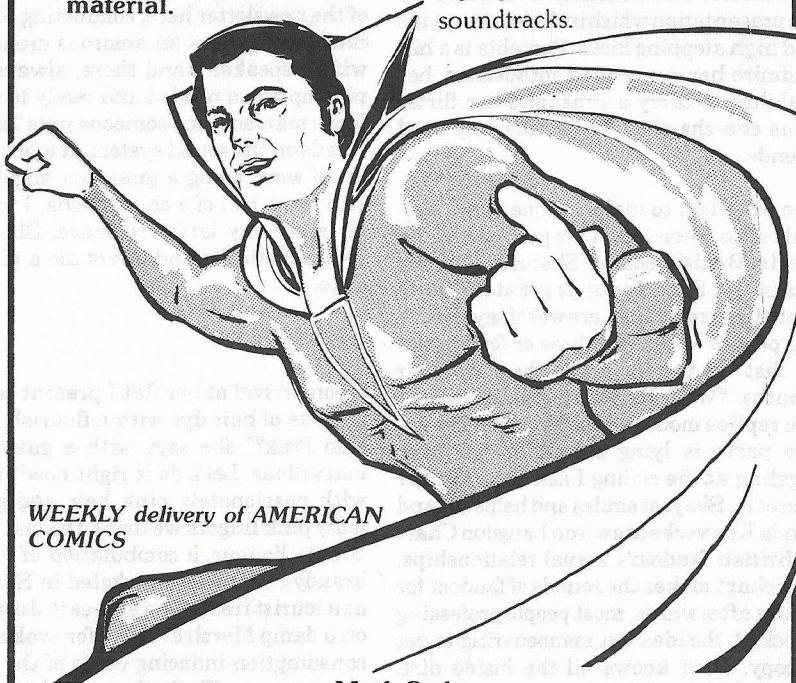
continued on page 27



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Pam Wells: More than Chocolate

London, 1984

The night I first met her she giggles and squeals over my gift of a pink plastic cowgirl jacket. She especially likes the smiling cactus and bucking burros on it. She puts it on and instantly becomes Pamelita, one of the vicious and beautiful Las Hermanas Chingadas, the famous Fuck You Sisters. Las Chingadas (Pamelita, Luz and Leeeeenda) write and perform a song at the first Mexicon in Newcastle. The audience is stunned by the presentation which includes many yips and high stepping kicks. Pamelita is a hit. I admire her unreserved enthusiasm, her inability to carry a tune, and her flirtatious cha-cha-cha. We become very good friends.

She promises to make me one of her special cakes when I say I am getting awfully tired of British cooking. She brings it along to a party. Fans line up to get at it. "Quite the little homemaker, are we?" I say, watching people wolf down three or four pieces as fast as they can get them in their mouths. "Well, I'm rather good at cakes," she replies modestly. Later, when the entire party is lying around on the floor giggling at the ceiling I ask her what her secret is. She just smiles and helps me and Linda Krawecke draw up a Langdon Chart of British fandom's sexual relationships. Our chart makes the rounds of fandom for weeks afterwards, most people professing shock at the idea but manoeuvring to get a copy. Pam knows all the inside dirt. People tell her the most remarkably intimate things. She calls it her Agony Aunt persona. It's one of her specialities, like cakes.

Brighton, 1987

"This is killing me, it really is," she confesses approximately two seconds after I arrive at the Worldcon. "I can't stand all these twits everywhere. Christ, the sheer numbers of them! How can Americans take this?" I tell her we like our twits in bulk. She groans and retreats to the Fan Lounge, hidden several corridors and construction sites away from the main programming area. I see her briefly throughout the convention, assisting publication of the newsletter here, conducting Martin Smith away from an amorous discussion with a speaker stand there, always popping up when needed and ready to dance like a maniac when someone puts Talking Heads on the sound system. It looks like a lot of work being a guardian angel. She still has a hell of a cha-cha-cha. I tell her all about my latest romance. She nods sympathetically and offers me a piece of cake.

London, 1988

Upon arrival at her flat I present several packets of hair dye with a flourish. "Passion Pink?" she says with a gasp. "Oh, marvellous. Let's do it right now!" Later, with passionately pink hair and ghoulishly pink fingers we drink the last of her Bronte liqueur, a combination of French brandy and Honey marketed in Haworth as a tourist treat. Pam adores it. Just right on a damp March evening for evoking the consumption-inducing chills of the Yorkshire moors. We both come down with dreadful colds and produce noses to match our hair. Pam asks me to send her more packets for future hair experiments. She can't wait to shock her co-workers.

"We're all going to Tony Berry's house-warming party in Nottingham next weekend. You come, too," Pam urges. "You simply won't believe the wallpaper." I arrange to attend the party and am, as promised, struck dumb in disbelief. Each wall has a murderously clashing colour scheme and design. She drags me into the kitchen. "Look," she says in glee, "brick wallpaper covering up real bricks! Isn't this worth travelling several thousand miles to see?" I can only agree. Pam loves the bizarre aspects of her native culture. She is easily the best-travelled Briton I know in terms of seeing her own country. She's lived in London all her life yet in contrast to most big-city dwellers she regularly visits other parts of the country. She avoids the xenophobia of island dwellers and enjoys other cultures on their own terms; still, she's very conscious of her British attitudes and values. I suspect that if she had enough money and time she would emulate the great Victorian lady adventurers and trot off to see the world with sketchbook and British panache at her side.

Hampshire, 1989

Pam is delighted to visit Jane Austen's house at last. "This is fantastic," she enthuses as we patter up and down stairs and peer into Jane's room. We are happy to imagine ourselves dressed in muslin, meeting the Prince Regent, immersing ourselves in Jane's day and admiring the Austen ephemera on display. Pam selects the newest Austen biography to take away as a souvenir and conducts me across the street for tea where we pore over our treasures and discuss our favourite Austen novels. This is just one stop on our erratic tour of Regency England, including Bath, Cheltenham, Iron Bridge and all three Wallops. It is in Nether Wallop that I discover Pam hates feet. "You're not going

to take your shoes off and wade, are you?" she asks with a shudder. It's blisteringly hot and we've found a pretty little stream running along the road. I tell her yes, I certainly am, and she refuses to watch. She loathes the sight of bare feet, it transpires. "But you love shoes, how can you hate feet?" I insist, not at all inclined to deny myself a cooling footbath. "Shoes," Pam replies with awful dignity, "are one thing, and Feet are another." I can hear the capital letters.

Chicago, 1991

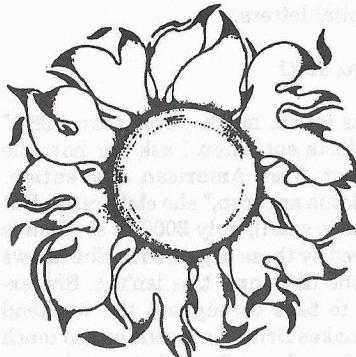
"This is much, much worse than 1987," Pam blurts out when I ask her how she likes her first American convention. "Worldcons are crap," she elaborates. But this one is small, only 3000 or so. Pam is unmoved by these arguments. She knows what she likes and this isn't it. She explains to fans throughout the weekend what makes British conventions so much more fun than these behemoth get-togethers Americans throw. Suddenly, she sounds tired. "The problem is," she confides while a dozen people are strung along the hallway in classic hall-party formation, "I've realised even Britain doesn't do many good conventions any more. 1984 was the last really good year for cons. I've felt let down by nearly everything I've been to lately. There just isn't the commitment to doing a genuinely superb con any more. It's very depressing." I ask her how she feels about being Guest of Honour at Illumination. "Well," she says, perking up, "that actually stands a chance of being the best thing to come along in ages. They've got a good attitude. I'm very proud they asked me. Coming to see me give my speech?" she adds, paraphrasing Christopher Robin.

"I might," I said. But it didn't work out. So I wrote this for her instead.

Jeanne Bowman

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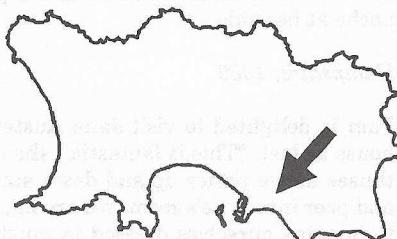
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Illumination Welcomes TAFF

Delegate Jeanne Bowman

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) was founded in 1953, after the success of a special one-off fund to send Walt Willis to the Chicago Worldcon in 1952. Its aim has always been to promote increased contact between the fandoms on each side of the Atlantic, by paying for alternating trips between continents on a (virtually) annual basis. Successful candidates are elected by informed voters on both continents, after providing nominations and a written platform with a financial bond to denote their intention to make the trip if elected. They then spend the intervening years until their successor is elected administering the fund and raising money to ensure its continuation.

Last year I was the European TAFF delegate to the Chicago Worldcon (Chicon V), and this year Illumination is hosting the current North American TAFF winner, Jeanne Bowman.

I had the pleasure of staying with Jeanne on her farm in Glen Ellen, about an hour's drive north of San Francisco, on my own TAFF trip. To describe that part of the world as idyllic is, I promise you, no understatement. Jeanne's hospitality was warm and generous, and Jeanne herself is a delight. Bright, raucous, witty and bold, ready for any challenge, calm in a crisis, and (I'm willing to bet) completely unshockable. She will be an eager participant in the Fan Room, and an excellent conversationalist with those of you who get the chance to meet her.

Look out for Jeanne in the TAFF auction, and also in the Workshop about Alternative (green) lifestyles, 'How to be Green'.

A keen advocate and practitioner of this way of living, Jeanne will gladly tell us something about How it's Done in America, where from my own experience conservation issues (such as recycling) are handled far more effectively than in Britain.

If you are interested in finding out more about TAFF, talk to Jeanne or myself at the convention, or write to me at:

24A Beech Road,
Bowes Park,
London N11 2DA

for specific information or a sample newsletter. Bear in mind that next year Europe will send a delegate to ConFrancisco, the Worldcon in San Francisco, to be held over the Labor Day weekend (the first weekend in September, usually the weekend following our own August Bank Holiday). If you'd like to know how to stand for this race, or to nominate someone else, please get in touch. The schedule for nominations and voting will be announced after the convention.

In the meantime, enjoy Jeanne Bowman's company, and help us to make her and her husband Don Herron feel welcome both at our Eastercon and in our country.

Pam Wells

UK Agent: Christopher O'Shea II 12 Stannard Rd. London, Great Britain E81DB
ConFrancisco 712 Bancroft Rd., Walnut Creek, California USA 94598

Golden Gate Bridge



You're having
no Honeymoon
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TAFF History

Year	Country	TAFF delegate
1954	Britain	A. Vincent Clarke (1)
1955	Britain	Ken Bulmer
1956	United States	Lee Hoffman (2)
1957	United States	Bob Madle
1958	Britain	Ron Bennett
1959	United States	Don Ford
1960	Britain	Eric Bentcliffe
1961	United States	Ron Ellik
1962	Britain	Ethel Lindsay
1963	United States	Wally Weber
1964	Britain	Arthur (A Tom) Thomson
1965	United States	Terry Carr
1966	West Germany	Tom Schluck
1968	United States	Steve Stiles
1969	Britain	Eddie Jones
1970	United States	Elliot Shorter
1971	Italy	Mario Bosnyak
1973	United States	Len & June Moffatt
1974	Britain	Peter Weston
1976	United States	Roy Tackett & Bill Bowers (3)
1977	Britain	Peter Roberts
1979	United States	Terry Hughes
1980	Britain	Dave Langford
1981	United States	Stu Shiffman
1982	Britain	Kevin Smith
1983	United States	Avedon Carol
1984	Britain	Rob Hansen
1985	United States	Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden
1986	Britain	Greg Pickersgill
1987	United States	Jeanne Gomoll
1988	Britain	Lilian Edwards & Christina Lake
1989	United States	Robert Lichtman
1991	Britain	Pam Wells
1992	United States	Jeanne Bowman

(1) Unable to make trip.

(2) Declined funds.

(3) Election tied; insufficient funds to send both; Bowers withdrew.

GOLL THE LEADING LIGHT

SIMON GREEN

DAVE GARNETT

PAUL J. MCAULEY

M. JOHN HARRISON

IAN McDONALD

KIM NEWMAN

CHECK THIS PROGRAMME TO SEE W

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KEITH BROOKE

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HERE YOU CAN MEET OUR AUTHORS!

Conceived by Accident, Sustained by Love

Back down the line it is forever 1971, and I'm editing the programme book for the Easter convention, to be held shortly in Worcester under the imaginative title of "Eastercon 22"*. It's March, there is a postal strike, the programme book has to go to print and I haven't yet received my main article, a historical retrospective on conventioneering by long-time fan and author, Ken Bulmer. We had asked Ken to write something because he'd been there, in at the beginning, he could tell us new boys all about the early days, twenty or more years ago.

And suddenly — SNAP! — it's 1992, and now I'm in Ken's shoes, asked to look back over roughly the same length of time, and trying to remember if Yarmouth came before Bristol and just how many times *did* we go to Coventry, anyway? Fandom is like that. All those people, busily organising away, year after year, and you've never heard of them! When Rog Peyton and I won our bid for 1971 we realised that no-one had been keeping track. Our title, feeble as it was, proclaimed for the first time two great truths that we now consider self-evident: that it *was* the 'Eastercon', and the twenty-second in the series. I don't think anyone had realised that before. Before Worcester it was simply "the con" — with only one per year you couldn't really get very confused! And no-one ever seemed to have counted them, something I found remarkable. It was Ken Bulmer's 1971 research that actually established the numbering sequence we use today — and he got it wrong! Ken missed a few, and maybe added one — ask Vince Clarke!

My own first con was Peterborough in 1964. Very small by modern standards, in an old, rambling hotel. Our Birmingham contingent was thoroughly awed by the presence of real, live, professional writers like Michael Moorcock and John Brunner. I remember how everyone dutifully trooped into the con hall for programme items, queued for the bookroom when Ken Slater unlocked his door at lunchtime and evening. On Sunday morning we went to the BSFA AGM, the high spot of the weekend, with the drama of Ted Tubb versus the committee, bleeding and dying for their beliefs! Conventions were brief, but intense. You could live a lifetime between the opening ceremony on Friday night, and Monday morning when everyone went home. Because time was so short we were reluctant to waste it: room parties were necessary to keep things going after the hotel bar closed at 10.30 or thereabouts. I well remember watching daybreak over the North Sea on the Sunday morning at Yarmouth in 1966. That was the year of the tyrannical 'Landburger Gessler', the hotel manager (named after the large fat villain of the contemporary 'William Tell' TV series), who closed-down Norman Shorrock's room party before midnight and chased us around the corridors and eventually onto the roof. The trouble was, we had to share hotels with non-fan guests who invariably complained: at Bristol we even had to vacate the con hall on the Saturday night because management insisted upon holding their regular dinner-dance!

Times changed: gradually we gained numbers, more professionalism, greater clout. The 'Galactic Fair' at Oxford in 1969 had

GONK RANGISGO

The 51st World Science Fiction Convention San Francisco, California September 2-6, 1993

Gonk



style and a good hotel. The 1970 'Sci-con' in London was a total disaster, but in 1971 we had a record attendance of over 200, and chose a Fan Guest of Honour for the first time. In 1974 the then-strong Newcastle group hosted 'Tynecon', still remembered as one of the very best Eastercons, while the first 'Seacon' at Coventry in 1975 came at the high point of fannish fandom in the UK, with the same people running the convention as were producing the top fanzines at the time.

(It's worth explaining how a convention held in Coventry came to be called 'Seacon'. The idea was originally for a seaside location, thus the name, only let down by reality since not a single hotel on Britain's coastline appeared suitable or willing to take us. The committee itself came together actually at the bidding session in the previous year, driven by expediency and the noble sentiment of "stop Mancon" — a bid to hold Eastercon in a hall of residence at Manchester. Another motive was for people like Malcolm Edwards, the Charnocks, Roy Kettle, etc., to gain experience since they were on the team which eventually brought the 1979 Worldcon to Brighton — also called 'Seacon', with rather more justification.)

Mancon actually happened in the follow-

continued from page 19

relaxacon A convention intended mainly for relaxation; a very lightly programmed convention; the convention committee forgot to organize a programme

sci-fi An old abbreviation for science fiction, often used by mundanes, much disliked by some fans

sercon A serious convention (see relaxacon), with lots of really important programming

SF Science fiction; science fantasy; speculative fiction; a genre of literature and other forms, the definition of which no

ing year, and was just as bad as everyone had feared. But from then onwards things never looked back: the Leicester con in 1977 (at Coventry), Heathrow in 1978, Leeds in 1979, all taking in a huge influx of newcomers as a result of media interest in 'Star Trek', 'Star Wars', and so on. Some things have grown tremendously over the years: multi-stream programming and dealers' rooms. Other activities have declined in importance — the Banquet (once almost compulsory), room parties, and of course the BSFA AGM. Some traditions have died out completely — for example, I miss the "backdrop" we used to have in convention halls — I think the last one was seen at the 1979 Worldcon.

And — SNAP! — back down to 1971 and I'm still waiting for Ken Bulmer's piece about the first British convention in 1937 (or 1948) and his dodgy chronology. How will we succeed this year, I wonder? Who will volunteer for 1972? Can we keep this thing going, anarchic, chaotic, sustained by love, for another twenty year or so, right up to 1992?

Peter Weston

* Well, we couldn't think of anything better. The simple and obvious "Severncon" only now comes to mind!

one has ever agreed upon (see fantasy)
SMOF Secret Master of Fandom;

one who tries to organize fandom

soft SF concerned with the softer sciences eg psychology, sociology

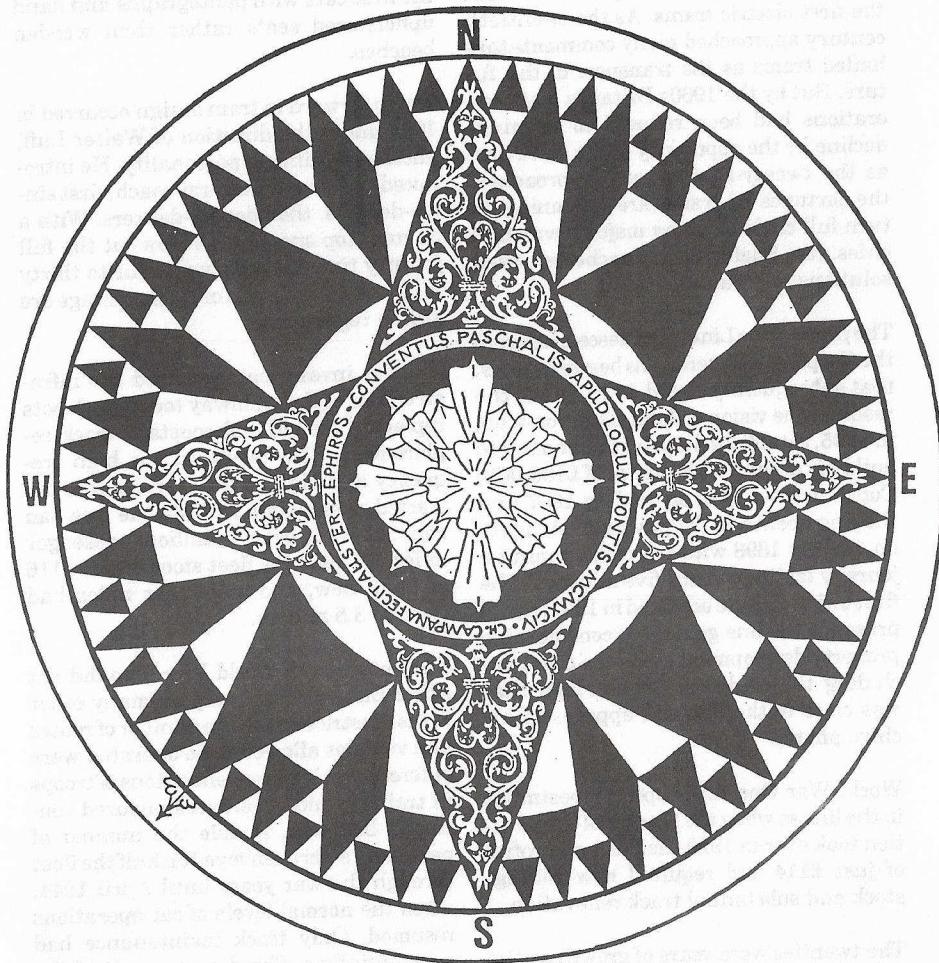
STTNG Star Trek the Next Generation
Trekkies Media fans with a special love for Star Trek

Trekcon A convention for Trekkies
WorldCon The annual World SF convention (overseen by the World SF society).

Has a tendency to be dominated by fans from North America, a trend being challenged especially after ConFiction

Sou'Wester

A bid for the Eastercon, April 1st - 4th 1994



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A Brief History of the Blackpool to Fleetwood Tramway

The Promenade Line, that still operates between Blackpool and Fleetwood, is the last survivor of the great age of tramways that began in Huddersfield in 1883, Blackpool Corporation following in 1885 with the first electric trams. As the twentieth century approached many commentators hailed trams as the transport of the future. But by the 1960s Britain's tram operations had been reduced to terminal decline by the popularity of the car. Now, as the twenty-first century approaches, the fortunes of trams are beginning to turn full circle as many major towns and cities, like Sheffield as Manchester, seek solutions to urban congestion.

The promenade Line is not descended from the Corporation operations begun in 1885, that subsequently closed down, but is the result of the vision of John Cameron who, in 1895, established a private company to build his dream, with capital of £160,000. Construction began on 19 July 1897 and the line opened to fee-paying passengers on 14 July 1898 with ten cars running a journey lasting twenty-five minutes. The first union dispute occurred in 1901. By its presence the line generated considerable property development along the coast, including the Norbreck Castle Hotel that was close to the line and appears in archive photos.

World War One interrupted investment in the line so when the Blackpool Corporation took over in 1920 the line had profits of just £114 and required new rolling-stock and substantial track renovation.

The twenties were years of growth as the Corporation integrated the Fleetwood line

into its own system. By 1926 the current termini at Fleetwood and Pleasure Beach were open. New stock arrived in 1928, Pullmans costing £2000 each. They were the first cars with pantographs and hand upholstered seats rather than wooden benches.

A step forward in tram design occurred in 1933 under the direction of Walter Luff, another significant personality. He introduced the streamlined railcoach, first single-deckers, then double-deckers. With a 31 mph top speed these cars cut the full journey time by twenty percent to thirty minutes. Many trams of 1930s vintage are still in regular use.

Thirties investment benefited the infrastructure of the tramway too, new depots replacing the old and constant track replacement. The result was a high frequency and high quality service that attracted passengers. In 1933 the line had run 167 cars over 4 million passenger miles. By 1937 the fleet stood at 212, 116 of them new, and passenger miles had risen to 8.5 million.

The outbreak of World War Two did not affect Blackpool as badly as many other areas. Restrictions on the number of routes and vehicles allowed to be operated were enforced, but high concentrations of troops in training and of refugees ensured continued business. Double the number of passengers were conveyed on half the fleet through the war years until April 1944, when the normal levels of car operations resumed. Only track maintenance had substantially suffered as a result of the war.

After a few years of post war austerity investment resumed in the fifties, track being replaced and the Coronation Railcoaches introduced.

The optimism of the new investment could not hide the dawning truth of declining passenger use. In the early sixties the various spur routes were shortened and the back route finally closed in 1963. In that year the winter service on the Promenade Line was axed. Pressure from the public and within the council secured a reprieve for the winter service but frequency reductions to meet falling demand entailed the wholesale scrapping of many classes of tram, including the Coronations, so recently acquired at a cost of £500,000.

The cut-backs in operations hit the depots to the extent that all the out-lying depots were closed, including survivors from those built in the early years. Operations centred on the remaining depot at Rivington Road. The decline was measured by the fall in tram miles from 3.3 million in 1959 to 1.2 million in 1970.

However, operations did branch out to meet the tourist market by the rebuilding of five old trams as 'illuminated' cars, including a moon rocket, 'Tramnik One' and a 'Hovertram'. But as a result in the decline in passengers a heated debate occurred in 1969 concerning the future of tram operations. Civic pride and the potential tourist value secured the retention of the loss-making system.

Following that decision limited investment was maintained through the seventies in an attempt to cut running costs. One-man operation conversions began on single-deckers in 1972 and on double-deckers from 1979. Replacement of running units began in 1973. Many of the

conversions were cheap and resulted in uncomfortable trams to travel in, despite further track replacement including an extensive scheme in Fleetwood.

The centenary celebrations of 1985 were a chance to forget the years of decline and wallow in the nostalgia of the great days of trams. Originals and period replicas from the early days, including survivors of long-gone tramways elsewhere, were paraded on the line in a unique and historic cavalcade watched by thousands. Having celebrated the past the tramways took a new direction to the future as a result of Ridley's legislation. The operation passed from council control to that of an 'arms-length' company.

The new council has signalled its intentions and its confidence by investment, all be it at a lower level than previously because of the reduced scale of operations. Nonetheless seven trams were added to the fleet through 1987/8 and extensive refurbishment of older rolling-stock is ongoing.

So Blackpool's trams look set to continue their unique historical tradition of providing service to the residents of, and visitors to, Blackpool and Fleetwood.

Tim Martin

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Previous contributors have included: MICHAEL MOORCOCK, IAIN BANKS, CLIVE BARKER, LISA TUTTLE, COLIN GREENLAND, DAVID LANGFORD, ROBERT HOLDSTOCK, GARY KILWORTH, SHAUN HUTSON, DAVID WINGROVE, BOB SHAW, TERRY PRATCHETT, RAMSEY CAMPBELL, LARRY NIVEN, STEVEN BARNES, DAVE CARSON, DAVID A HARDY, BRIAN W ALDISS, ANNE GAY, STEPHEN BAXTER, GRAHAM JOYCE, D WEST, JIM PORTER, RAYMOND FEIST, CHRIS "FANGORN" BAKER, CHRIS CLAREMONT, MICHAEL MARRAK and STORM CONSTANTINE.

A six-issue subscription costs only seven pounds and fifty pence or you can, if you wish, purchase a sample copy for one pound and ninety-five pence. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "Critical Wave Publications" and sent to:
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"Don't waver - get WAVE!"
- Brian W Aldiss.

The Stair Party

Persons attending this convention who are also attending to it may notice that there is a small, discrete programme stream on Saturday night called "Stair Party" in small, discreet letters. This is all 1/2r (pronounced half r) Cruttenden's fault, because he is a Bad Influence. I shall now try to explain the Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers of the Stair Party, and not have any truck with Deuteronomy old or otherwise. This Work (Opus 1/2) is divided into four parts under those headings, and there is a test at the end.

Genesis

In the beginning, at Follycon in the Adelphi, Chris Bell is having a massive sulk on the stairs up from the lounge, because all her friends even including her son are going out in groups to have supper and not one of them asks her to come too. It turns out later that each of them thinks that she is with someone else, but at the time that is no help whatever, and the sulk is to match the decor, which is on a grand scale. At this point by comes 1/2r, and he says as follows: "All on your own then Chris?" There is a tone of voice which needs a different typeface, and it is in that tone, dripping honey and venom in a fifty-fifty mix, that Chris replies, "No, I'm having a party, can't you tell?" And within five minutes she is, because 1/2r's response is to ask if he can come too, and he sits down and produces a bottle of what is probably about 400 proof mead. And by breakfast the following morning strange and wonderful portents happen, and the Stair Party is born. Chris Bell falls upstairs after 1/2r gives her enough mead; and Bryan Talbot sits on her ankles to stop her doing it again, and Geoff Ryman asks him not to because he wants to watch this thing if it does recur; and Gytha North tells Neil

Gaiman about the man whose room and all his luggage vanish in the Metropole (hiss) at Conspiracy, and he says "Yes, I know, I am that man"; and Alison Scott who is DCM is reduced to silence by this; and the infallible way to recognise a Scorpio male in profile is not revealed to Fox, who is a Scorpio; and Jona Brewis is told to go to bed because he is drunk, so often that he gives up and does as he is told, which is most unfair seeing that he is not as drunk as Chris; and in the end everyone goes off and walks round the Anglican cathedral after breakfast and they all feel better for it. And they all say, "We must do that again some time," not meaning to do anything about it, at all. However, Chris Bell is firm (or as some people insist, obstinate or even pigheaded) and possesses a truly terrible degree of sticktoitiveness. She finds it a little difficult to hold a Stair Party at Contrivance in Jersey, what with the lack of suitable stairs; so there is a Rite of Passage instead, with 1/2r and mead, the two other essential ingredients. That is the second year. The next Eastercon is at the Adelphi again, and so are the mead and 1/2r and Chris, and so indeed is the Stair Party, with differing personnel and a new theme, the Mobius Backrub. And it is all beginning to be very Conventional, indeed.

Exodus

We now come to Speculation. This happens in Glasgow, and the stairs are narrow and nasty (like the rest of the hotel) and hard and unyielding and uncarpeted and uncomfortable, and furthermore are very full of John Stewart rushing from the eighth floor to the ground floor and back again, and everyone else is also rushing up and down the stairs and especially all the people who are going to the Hawaiian

Bid Party and the Helicon Bid Party, because the Lifts do not work. This is a Bad Thing, and the Stair Party (or parties to the Stair Party) keep finding that they are underfoot (or feet). Sometimes they are under parrot too. So they make tracks, and hoof it up to the mezzanine from which they heckle, play silly games with the fountain-thing, and generally outstay the people who are trying to play charades in the same place at the same time. And in this way the Stair Party becomes a mezzanine party and upwardly mobile too, and migrates around no end. But although 1/2r is present there is no mead, which may be why it is not quite a usual Stair Party.

Leviticus

Which in this case does not mean law or anything even slightly like it, but on the contrary has to do with levity and indeed levitation, because it is concerned with the Lift. There is a man who comes from Croydon whose name is David Barrett, who prophesies at Glasgow, saying, "The Lift shall rise again - probably on the third day after the convention," which is not very helpful, and there is much complaining amongst the members of the Convention. But the Stair Party say, repeatedly, that we should all have faith in the Lift, because it needs all the help it can get. Later on that year, Mexicon is in Harrogate, and the Stair Party is there too on the Saturday night. 1/2r is not present, but the hotel receptionist gives Chris Bell his breakfast tickets by accident, so she is both of them, although still without mead. The Stair Party see that there is a very old Lift Shaft in the middle of the lobby, which has no Lift in it but is made of Victorian wrought iron, and very posh it looks even if it goes nowhere, and they worship this Lift Shaft in loud voices. Which annoys the serious-minded lit'ry fans no end.

So then the Little Sisters Of The Lift (All

Contributions Gratefully Received) start to put up notices which say that they know that their redeemer Lifteth, and things get seriously silly and out of hand and there is no telling where it will all end. It is possible that the Groat may know how it all ends, of course, but that is another story, which involves the well known cry often heard at conventions of "Bring back the Groat!" The Groat is a goat bred to have very short legs, like a dachshund, so that it can live Below the Lift as a Dreadful Object Lesson. It is so low-slung that its undercarriage drags along the ground, and this makes it *very* bad-tempered. It feeds on Moonmice and cigarette ends, with cigar butts as a delicacy, and its preferred beverage is spilled beer. It makes a characteristic cry of "Ping!".

Numberz

The numbers of the Lift are usually written as follows, and you perm any number of them in any given hotel: Lower Basement, Basement, Lower Ground, Ground, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and so forth. The numbers at the Stair Party vary from time to time and place to place, but it is a poor party which cannot at least try to hijack Tim Broadribb on his way upstairs. He has no faith in the Lift at all, and nor do any of the tech crew and none of them ever use the Lift; which is very alarming indeed.

Test

Have faith in the Lift, and come to the Stair Party, and ye shall be elevated and find Truth. If you are lucky and 1/2r is also doing the same thing then you may find mead too, but on the whole it is safer to bring your own. Or you could bring some rock candy and rye without the rock candy, in case any of us turns out to be getting a cold.

Chris Bell

Help bring the Worldcon to Scotland!

95

95



This August we're going to Florida to bid for the 1995 Worldcon to be held in Glasgow. But we can't do it without your help! We need you to vote for us, to help us run the bid and to keep spreading the word.

To find out how you can vote for Glasgow, come and talk to us at Illumination or write to our address below. Even if you are unable to vote, you can help out by buying T-shirts and badges or by becoming a pre-supporter and encouraging others to join.

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Steve Davies
Tim Illingworth
Vince Docherty

The Truth About the Committee

OK, we admit it, what we wrote before was not the whole truth about the committee. We here present the truth about some of the people behind Illumination...

Amanda Baker, by Dave Clements

Amanda is the result of a curious genetic engineering experiment. She is part teddy bear, part tiger, and part astrophysicist, with feet in Oxford, Cambridge and London (which makes things rather difficult and schizophrenic on Boat Race day...). She originally emerged from the dank marshes of St. Neots onto an unsuspecting world in 1969, and has left a trail of confusion and devastation in her wake since then. After subjecting the world scientific community to her strange influence, she has now turned her attention to SF fandom. Illumination is the first result of this latest dastardly plan. Quite where things will lead from here is unclear. The one thing that is certain with Amanda is uncertainty...

John Bray

John is a PPE student at Oxford University. John loves punting on the Thames during his spring breaks while listening to Kate Bush. He also enjoys reading Chaucer aloud to his pet goldfish Ophelia.

David the Ferret, by Amanda Baker

Dr. Dave, or 'Cosmic Ferret' (as he is perhaps better known), might be described as having the brains of Stephen Hawking in the body of Arnold Schwarzenegger, with the smooth charm of Norman Lamont and the social reputation of Madame Cin. Then again, he might not. I vividly remember the day I first met 'Cosmic' - overcome by being in the presence of my first real live

Astrophysicist, I threw up in his crotch. Our relationship then took a turn for the worse ... but all was not lost! A few months later, it was rescued by a blissful afternoon spent together in a mud-wrestling pit in front of hundreds of our fellow students. The rest is history - and a very sordid history at that ... Cosmic is a fascinating character - after 2 years on the Illumination committee, I have still not managed to convince him that the con is going to be in Blackpool, not Brighton. He is secretly un-nerved by the frank relationships in fandom, but would never let on about that; and he is prepared to try anything once (Please?).

David the Gnome Cooper

Born in the Helvetican States sometime in the early Middle Ages, David the Gnome (also known as the Gnome of Zurich) because of his gnomelike appearance he entered the family banking business. Through banking circles he came into contact with the Secret Lodge of the Ancients, and at the age of 93 was granted Eternal Life through use of the Philosopher's Stone. His dealings with the wheels of finance remain in a shady secret, but it is known that during the latter half of the twentieth century he took leave of the vaults of Switzerland and ventured to attending secretive cabalistic meetings. He later joined other Illuminati in bringing forth kicking and squealing that ineffable being: Illumination.

Rhodri James

After an early career in mining foundered due to his lack of perfect pitch, Rhodri fell head first into filk fandom. He recovered from this with the aid of large doses of

whiskey, only to discover that he didn't like the stuff anyway. Since it was clearly necessary at this point to remove himself from the real world and contemplate his plight, he took a job in computing, pretending to be a rather fat electron. His main ambition in life is to never chair an Eastercon, but failing that he would make do with turning into Wesley Crusher and saving the whole convention in the most annoying way possible.

Steve Lawson

Steve Lawson is a shrub growing in a pot on the patio of Mr and Mrs Vincent Saucebottle of Grenchester. Originally from South Africa, he was prime minister of Zambezia province between 1887 and 1891. After losing the election to a rather nice bowl of hyacinths called Trevor, Steve was transplanted by the British Consul, Sir Mavis Vim, into a goldfish bowl, from where he had a successful career as a character actor and dance-band leader. After the sinking of the Lusitana, he became part of an overgrown garden in Oslo, though he did have time to open a series of menswear shops in New Zealand as well as a bowling alley in downtown Bogota. Being part of the hotel team and co-membership secretary of Illumination are only a small distraction in his current preoccupation which is the colour of sand and its effect on the collapse of the Mayan civilization. Steve Lawson is, of course, not to be confused with Steve Lawson, the tomato plant in the greenhouse.

Jason Stevens and Ivan Towlson

Diligent readers will have noticed that Ivan Towlson and Jason Stevens do not appear to have any pasts. This mysterious result lends credence to the idea that Ivan Towlson is in reality the acceptable face of the Cthulhu Mythos, while Jason Stevens has probably been misfiled as a wonderful new method of packaging tea bags.

Credits

An Eastercon is impossible to organise without the help of numerous willing and enthusiastic helpers. Among the many who have helped Illumination are those mentioned here, in no particular order. Enormous thanks to all of you and especially to any we have forgotten.

Fan Room	Pam Wells Martin Tudor Tony Berry Mike Scott Alison Scott Roger Perkins Mary Burns Malcolm Davies Dave Lally Martin Hoare Tim Broadribb Andy Morris Caroline Mullen Bernie Peek Tim Illingworth Larry van der Putte Jackie Gruter-Andrew Oliver Gruter-Andrew John Harold Geoff Ryman Paul McAuley Matt Bishop Simon Bradshaw Penny Heale Writers Workshop SMOFing Artwork Publications	Sally-Ann Melia John Dallman Colin(superhero).Johnson Simon Bradshaw Gordon Brignal Matt Bishop All contributors Brigit Wilkinson John Stewart SJ Research Green Dragon Press Felix Prestoprint Oxford University
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Green Room		
Logistics		
Art Show		
Book Room		
Videos		
Tech		
Projection		
Volunteers		
Registration		
Security		
Programme		
Foreign Fans		
Printing and Facilities		

The Editor's Last Chance

Its a very strange feeling to be sitting here, in my office, on a Saturday afternoon in early April, and try to look back over what has happened to Illumination, and to these publications, since we won that fateful bidding session two years ago. At that time Margaret Thatcher was still in power, Saddam Hussein was just another tin pot dictator, and I was living in London, trying to write my PhD thesis and get a job. When we won the bid for Eastercon 1992, I didn't even know if I'd be in the country and able to attend it, let alone be able to continue on the committee. I think many of us who worked on the bid felt the same, and yet, unusually for any large convention, the whole of the bid committee is still there.

Why is this? Perhaps its because we all shared something of a vision for how our Eastercon should be run, and were not just a chance gathering of fans thrown together to win a bid. I've already ranted about how electronic mail was used to hammer out many of the initial teething troubles of the convention, and I even threatened to publish some of these 'Illumination Papers' in this programme book (I still bear the scars from being persuaded not to do this). I won't say we didn't have a bumpy ride at times, but we genuinely knew roughly where we were going, so our problems were more to do with how to get there than with bigger issues of strategy.

The PRs, perhaps, are an example of how this happened. PR1 was not edited by me, and the bulk of the page layout was in fact designed by Ivan, after I'd discussed what I wanted to do (the solid side bars, which cause so much trouble on laser printers, for example, were in this general discussion). Ivan's design was pretty much what

I was after, and, since we were both using the same software, it was very easy to keep this consistent across all the PRs. Our common vision for PRs that were good to look at and easy to use meant we avoided problems with changing styles or artistic squabbles.

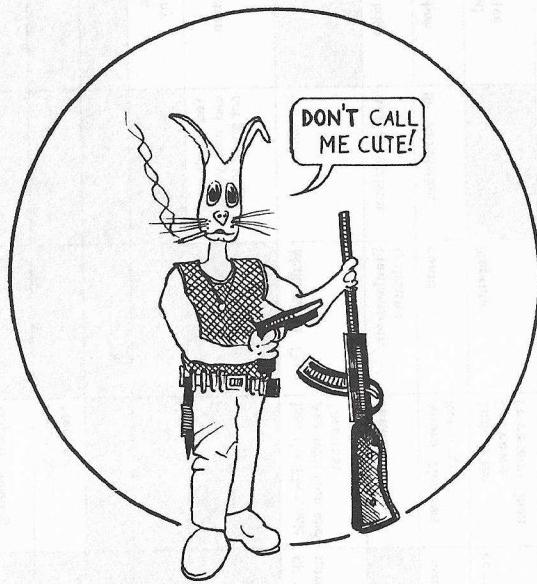
Colin Johnson's wonderful artwork also tied very well into the overall scheme of things. A sort of steam-punk magical realism atmosphere was what we asked for, and Colin delivered it wonderfully! I still don't know whether we tied into ideas he had already, or whether we just inspired each other in the same directions, but it worked really well!

Apart from the inevitable deadline problems the publications side of things has gone pretty well so far (cross fingers, touch wood etc. etc.). Whatever anybody may say, computers and email networks make this sort of thing much much easier than it once was. One day we'll all have email addresses, and that will make things easier too. But it still won't do away with the numerous helping hands that are needed for any publication. This time round I must thank Amanda, Simon, Gordon and Matt for typing services, and the bounteous Oxford University Astrophysics Department for continuing to put up with my convention activities. I also must thank you all for reading this stuff and making it worth while. See you at the seaside!

Pat Silver would like to thank all those who did her the honour of awarding her the Doc Wier award at the 1991 Eastercon.

The Illumination Programme Book was edited by Dave Clements for the Eastercon 1992 Committee. Artwork was by Colin Johnson, typesetting by high technology, and printing by Prestoprint, Oxford.

The Programme



Friday

Time	General	Main (Ballroom)	Alternate (Lancastria)	Audiovisual (Connaught)	Flospy	Mopsy	Cottontail	Peter Fan (Adam)
10.00								
11.00								
12.00				Copher Meeting				
13.00				Green Room Meeting				
14.00								
15.00	Dealers' room opens	Opening Ceremony		You didn't want it and now you're not going to get it				
16.00		Fringes introduction						
17.00		Jim Burns	Mult-media Quiz	Into the Electronic Age with Gun and Terminal	SF Theatre introduction			
18.00	Dealers' room closes	Cutting Edge	Anglocentricon	Frankenstein Unbound	contd			
19.00		Urban Myth	SF Foundation	contd	Award Nominee Readings	Instant Fanzine		
20.00		Historical Perspective	Neptrune	Birth of the Unknown Programme Item	contd			A new fan's guide to other fans
21.00		Wizard of Oz talk	Turkey Reading					Perceptions of Fandom
22.00		Golden Oldies of Filk	Unspeakable Weaponry	The Wizard of Oz		Storytelling		Elle Kleine Nacht Party
23.00		Filking		contd		contd		So you want to run the convention

Time	General	Main Ballroom	Alternate Lancastria	Audiovisual Connaught	Flopsy	Mopsy	Cottontail	Peter Fan Adam)
10.00	Dealers' room opens	Book Auction	Russian Space Program	Stalker	No Shame Theatre Introduction			
11.00		contd	Electronic Publishing	contd	Masquerade Workshop		How to be Green	Coffee and Convivial Conversation
12.00			Clue on the Encyclopedia	The Weird and the Wonderful	contd		contd	Why do a fanzine?
13.00			Why Media Fandom	51st State	Pathfinder	contd		Tell me the Old, Old Story
14.00	Paul McAuley							
15.00		Go Filk Yourself	The Green and the Grey	1993 PR			Co-operative Games	Tea
16.00	16.30 Villains signing session	Alien Introduction	TAFF Holiday Snaps				BSFA AGM	The Floating Mast
17.00	and launch party in NorOlympia	Geoff Ryman						
18.00	Dealers' room shuts	Masquerade Setup and Photocall	David Wingrove	Roger Rabbit		DIY Urban Myth		Lucid Dreaming 1
19.00		contd			Masquerade Participants meet	contd		Adam and Eve
20.00		Masquerade						
21.00	Fireworks at 21.30							
22.00	Unknown Programme Item	Souwester Bid Party			Martin's Party	Cracon Game		Disco Inferno
23.00		Filking			contd	contd		Cont'd

Saturday

Sunday

Time	General	Main (Norbreck)	Alternate (Lancastria)	Audiovisual (Connaught)	Flopsy (1)	Mopsy (2)	Cottontail (3)	Peter Fan (Adam)
10.00	Dealers' room opens	Art Auction	Sensible Scientific Talk					
11.00		contd	New and Amateur Writers	Chronoclasm video	Build an alien	Writer's Workshop		Coffee and Convivial conversation
12.00		1994 Bidding		The Hunger	contd	contd	Building blueprints	King Arthur as the God Figure
13.00		contd	Science Fiction Scruples	contd	contd	contd	contd	Early Fandom Remembered
14.00		Pam Wells						
15.00		Publishing 1992	In Dreams	Sim Earth			National Student SF meeting	Tea Time
16.00		Ghosts of Honour	Short Scientific Talks	contd			contd	Fanzine Auction
17.00		Paul McAuley						
18.00	Dealers room closes	Debate - SF doesn't need its roots	1992 and all that	Lucid Dreaming 2	Very Silly Games			
19.00		contd	Illuminated Manuscripts	contd			Silly Award Ceremony	
20.00		Awards						
21.00		Cabaret	Silly Scientific Talk					
22.00		contd	Build Your Own Religion	Glasgow Party	Atlanta Party		TAFF Auction	
23.00		Filkling						

Monday

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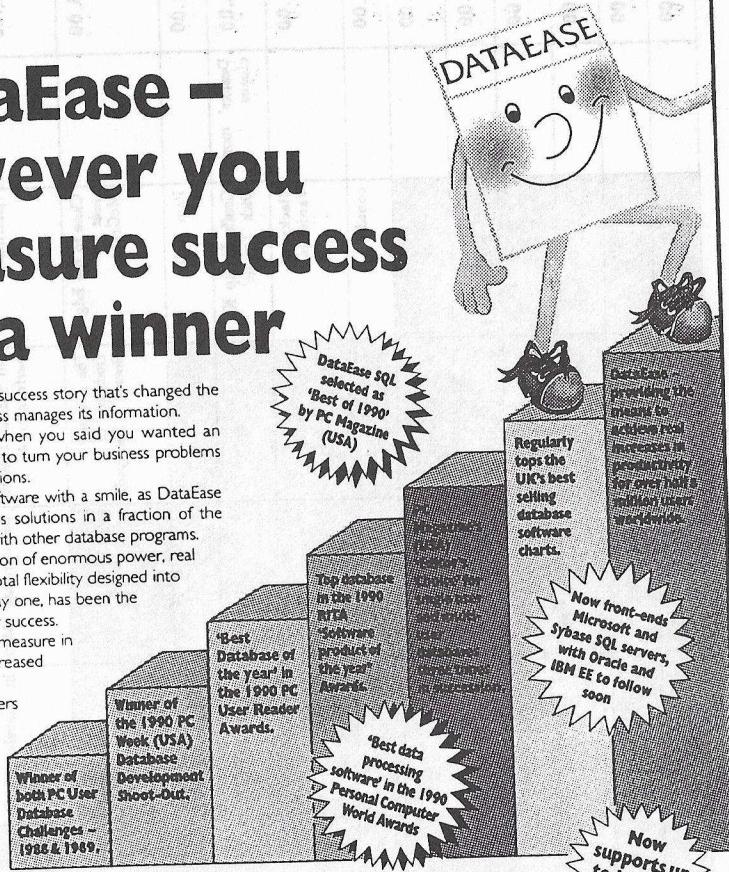
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t= supporting	494 a	Gordon Bradley	523 a	Frank R F De Cuyper
p= presupposing	200 a	Geoffrey Bridgeman	521 a	John Dakin
c= child	46 p	Tim Brodrick	54	John Dallman
i= infant	373 a	Matthew Brock	523 a	Julia Daly
t= toy	231 a	Lol Bromhead	733 a	Frances Daly
g= guest	230 a	Dave Bromhead	297 a	Mitke Damstek
	517 a	Nigel Brooke	450 a	Caroline Darroch
	708 a	Faith Broker	429 a	Jim Darroch
	463 a	Christopher Brooks	56 a	Steve Davies
	346 a	Ian Brooks	658 a	Bairbara Davies
	659 a	Molly Brown	644 a	Brian Davies
	451 a	Ceri Brown	50 p	Malcolm Davies
	783 a	Tanya Brown	572 a	Meg Davis
	47 a	Ben Brown	218 a	Martyn Dave
	102 a	Denizil Brown	249 a	Friend of Martin Dawe
	594 a	Serena Browne	329 a	Robert Day
	654 a	Kevin Buxton	330 a	Peter Day
	321 a	Edd Buckley	44 a	Lawrence Dean
	250 a	Steve Bull	278 a	Chantal Delessert
	191 a	Saul A Bara	295 a	Zoe Deterding
	444 a	John Burnham	122 a	Sarah Dibb
	116 a	Mary Burns	77 a	Iain Dickson
	636 a	Jim Burns	352 a	Chad Dixon
	117 a	Bill Burns	781 a	Douglas Dixon
	151 a	Chris Butterworth	431 a	Dermot Dobson
	220 a	Severn Cates	556 a	Steve W K Donald
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	341 a	Barney Campbell	85 a	Michelle Drayton
	343 a	Matty Campbell	526 a	Iain Drybewy
	344 a	Tammy Campbell	231 a	David Drysdale
	715 a	Lamorna Cape	185 a	Diana Duane
	382 a	Mary Cormichael	446 a	Jackie Duckworth
	769 a	Carolyn Caughey	445 a	Tim Duckworth
	448 a	Giulia de Cesare	718 a	John Duffield
	641 a	Neil Chamberlain	527 a	David Durant
	507 a	Mark Charley	147 a	Roger Earnshaw
	36 a	Mike Chester	20 a	Martin Easterbrook
	787 a	Roddy Chisholm	675 a	Margaret Edgar
	501 a	Piotr W Cholewa	739 a	Lilian Edwards
	716 a	E J T Chrystal	264 a	Sue Edwards
	238 a	Helen Clarke	371 a	P J Ellis
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	478 a	Paul Clough	385 a	Sean Ellis
	613 a	John Clute	208 a	Dave Ellis
	467 a	Elaine Costes	325 a	David Elworthy
	642 a	Michael Cobley	752 a	Mark Emerson
	243 a	David Cochran	52 a	John English
	284 a	Brett Cockrell	664 a	Lee Escoff
	37 a	Jack Colgan	261 a	Stephen Ebdridge
	99 a	Mark Colman Cohen	785 a	Josephine Estaphanous
	436 a	Nick Cooper	228 a	Mike Evans
	725 a	Burton Condon	229 a	Vicky Evans
	494 a	Storm Constantine	707 a	Chris Evans
	197 a	Chris Cooper	788 a	Richard Evans
	772 a	P R Cooper	192 a	Bernie Evans
	432 a	Marcus Cooper	227 a	Rufus Evrion
	599 a	Dennis Cooper	416 a	Allison Ewing
	10 a	David T Cooper	461 a	Juliet Eynions
	219 a	Stephen Cooper	459 a	Nic Fargey
	386 a	Keith Coslett	762 a	Judith Paul
	538 a	Del Cotter	141 a	Milo Figg
	496 a	David Cotterill	362 a	David Allan Finch
	144 a	Georgene Coune	176 a	Colin Fine
	167 a	Frank Coone	283 a	Nigel Fisher
	143 a	Eric Coone	220 a	Brian Flatt
	369 a	Gail Courtney	357 a	Martin Fletcher
	575 a	Gary Couzens	563 a	Jo Fletcher
	475 a	Geoff Cowie	552 a	Jane Fletcher
	177 a	Jonathan Cowie	609 a	Ronan Flood
	48 a	Adrian Cox	570 a	Martyn J Fogg
	294 a	Dave Cox	195 a	Milo Ford
	128 a	Jonathan Coxhead	712 a	Aletta Fountain
	601 a	Neil Craig	529 a	Mark Fox
	90 p	Mark Craske	531 a	Richard Fox
	37 a	Paul Cray	628 a	Vikki Lee France
	582 a	Simon Crick	332 a	Susan Francis
	403 a	Andy Croft	557 a	Shirley French
	377 a	James Crook	535 a	Dave French
	477 a	John Croucher	239 a	Mark French-Petagen
	669 a	Christopher Crougham	205 a	Wolfgang Frisch
	319 a	John Cudgington	397 i	Leanne Frisch
	53 a	Arthur Crutenden	395 c	David Frisch
	412 a	Michael Cule	394 a	Rosi Frisch
	210 a	Tony Cullen	395 i	Sebastian Frisch
	209 a	Sharon Cullen	679 a	Tor K Fuglerud

Eastercon 1992

57 a	Gwen Furness	73 a	Colin A. Johnson	731 h	Tommy McClellan
629 a	Malcolm Furness	628 a	Stuart Johnson	375 t	Alastair McCullough
610 a	T J Furness	613 a	Jane Johnson	656 a	Emily McEwan
441 a	Kathy Gale	651 a	Al Johnson	262 a	P. McGarvey
153 a	Sam Gauthier	470 a	Steve Jones	79 a	Rory McLean
201 a	Simon Gardner	618 a	Stephen Jones	510 a	C S McLean
397 a	David Garnett	631 a	Martin J. Jones	356 t	Angus McMuffin
335 a	Peter Garrett	564 a	Suz Jones	63 a	Rob Meades
779 a	Anne Gay	198 a	Kevin R Joyce	695 a	Andrew Neil Meadowcroft
691 a	Alexander Gorin	351 a	Graham Joyce	265 a	Kenny Meechan
389 a	Mary Gentle	390 a	Dick Juve	80 a	Mark Meanan
499 a	Elizabeth Gepfert	392 a	Rox Kaveney	599 a	Gabor Megyesi
320 a	Joe Gibbons	33 a	Karen Kelly	551 a	Friend of Melke
732 a	Gary M Gibson	450 a	Alex Kennedy	681 a	Sally-Ann Molis
771 c	Thomas Gilbert	348 a	Debby Kerr	536 a	John Meredith
770 a	Anthony Gilbert	347 a	Barbara Kershaw	717 a	John Merry
30 a	Jenny Glover	298 a	Vicki King	484 a	Martin Merryfield
29 a	Steve Glover	120 p	Christina Kinsella	350 a	Carl Midgley
155 i	Robert Glover	263 a	Tim Kirk	205 a	WAC Mier-Jedrzejowicz
674 a	Tara Glover	574 a	Richard A Knaak	549 a	Ray Miller
365 a	Jette Goldie	81 a	Alice Kohler	259 a	Dave Mills
485 a	Clare Goodall	690 a	Leonid Kouritz	9 a	Nick Mills
605 a	Simon Goodier	465 a	Linda Krueweke	291 a	Rod Miller
604 a	Charles Goodwin	789 a	Edwin Kushner	142 a	A.N.G. Mitten-Haw-Hodge
602 a	Irene Gordon	365 a	Chloris Anna Lake	427 a	Mike Morris
361 a	Margaret Gordon	118 a	David Lally	428 a	Michael Maloy
476 a	Stephen Goudge	611 a	Andy Lang	751 a	Le蒙古merie
226 a	Friend of Peter Grace	544 a	Colin Langveld	752 a	Geraldine Montgomerie
225 a	Peter Grace	333 a	Howard Langford	358 a	David C. Moor
657 a	Wendy Graham	334 a	Dave Langford	121 a	Dave Meering
312 a	John A Graham	94 a	Nick Larick	240 a	Pauline Morgan
317 a	Alister James Grahame	193 a	Adrian Last	315 a	Darrin Morgan
363 a	Simon Green	405 a	Eira L Latham	239 a	Chris Morgan
640 a	Rog Grey	523 a	Crispin Lavack	482 a	Tim Morley
260 a	Nicola Griffith	12 a	Steven Lawson	64 a	Andy Morris
524 a	Jill Griffiths	11 a	Alice Lawson	425 a	Steven B Morrison
678 a	Catherine B Gronnered	214 a	Paddy Leahy	795 a	Gerry Morton
324 a	Steve Grover	440 a	Paul Lernox	184 a	Peter Morwood
415 a	Jacky Gruter-Andrew	457 a	David Lernot	515 a	Sue Mewbray
59 a	Oliver Gruter-Andrew	757 a	Jason Lester	339 a	Steve Mowbray
182 a	Alan Gunn	776 a	Konstantin Lifyuchenko	100 a	Caroline Mullan
110 a	Urban Gunnarsson	635 a	Alex Lindsey	621 a	Ian Murphy
455 a	P F Hamilton	257 a	Christine Linton	65 p	Penny Myles
414 s	James Hamilton	256 a	Steve Lincoln	137 a	Steven Nadler
245 a	Tony Hammond	723 n	Dee Ann Lipscomb	138 a	Harry Nadler
553 a	Tom Hanlon	724 n	Justin Lipscomb	447 a	Tom Nansen
662 a	Judith Hanna	737 a	Scott (Saku) Lipton	254 a	Phil Nanson
252 a	Brigide Hardcastle	488 a	Michael Lewellyn	633 a	Caroline Needham
202 a	David A Hardy	498 a	Oscar Logar	588 a	Helen Nemeth
273 a	John Harold	61 p	Bill Longley	497 a	Kim Newman
106 a	Colin Harris	149 a	Hans Looze	677 a	Robert Newman
286 a	Sue Harrison	101 p	Alan Lord	576 a	Henry Newton
75 p	John Harvey	316 a	Karen Lukawski	578 a	Perry Newton
626 a	Frank Harvey	639 a	Leona Lutz	577 a	Stephen Newton
97 a	Penny Heal	89 p	Michael Lydon	579 i	David Newton
217 a	G.F.J.C. Hedger	166 a	Patricia Miley	683 a	Joseph Nicholas
331 a	Karen Heenan	765 a	T Macaire	775 a	Vladimir Niyozeda
653 a	Jennette Hempstead	711 a	Brian MacDonald	86 a	Andrew Norcross
274 a	L. Hendley	728 a	Ian MacDonald	74 a	Lissanne Norman
417 a	Alasdair Hepburn	729 a	Patrick MacDonald	42 a	Gytha North
581 a	Don Herron	323 a	David MacLennan	299 a	Heather North
505 a	John Heseltine	359 a	Delva Machado-Cerdeiro	713 a	Ian O'Brien
583 a	Richard Hewison	376 a	Bobby MacLaughlin	285 s	Linda O'Donnell
303 a	Sam Hewitt	749 a	Ian MacLeod	113 a	Andrew O'Donnell
651 a	Jes Hildred	753 a	Justin MacNeil	24 t	T D O'Shea
96 a	Martin Hoare	784 a	T J Maguire	600 a	Kryzia Oborn
673 a	Iain Hobdell	129 a	Nicolela Mahoney	646 a	Alan David Oliver
656 a	Andrew Hobson	387 a	Chris Malme	26 a	Omega
471 a	Dave Holladay	606 a	Rob Malos	745 i	Amy Oudot
533 a	Simon on Holland	603 a	Darren Mann	745 i	Jessica Oudot
573 a	Liz Holliday	676 a	Hazel Marchington	743 a	Susan Oudot
152 a	Marina Holkayd	619 a	Craig Marlock	744 i	Georgia Oudot
99 s	Derek Holt	267 a	Chris Marriott	545 a	Jean Owen
418 a	Niall Hosking	765 a	Mayo Marriott	84 a	Anna Page
60 a	Valerie Housden	767 a	Mr Marriott	530 a	Paul Paolini
399 a	Gabi Huber	62 a	Paul Marrow	590 a	Dawn Parkinson
389 a	Karl-Heinz Huber	706 a	Michael John Marshall	422 a	Joan Paterson
401 i	Andreas Huber	764 a	Sarita Marsland	66 a	Harry Payne
400 i	Johannes Huber	768 a	Lucy Marterson	32 a	Jon Paul
780 a	Johny Hunter	535 a	Jurgen G Marzi	35 a	Bonnie Peabody
223 a	Graeme Hurry	689 a	Barbara Masetti	224 t	Whale's the Penguin
23 a	Chris O'Shea II	18 a	Hugh Masetti	490 a	Ken "The Penguin" Walton
17 a	Tim Illingworth	301 a	Sue Mason	31 a	Roger Perkins
547 a	Daniel Ives	469 a	Paul Masdaly	532 a	Simon Perkins
655 a	Colin Jack	509 a	Ian Maughan	54 p	John Perry
659 a	Niell Jackson	124 a	Robert Maughan	67 p	Jerome Peters
285 a	Wilf James	255 a	Karl Maund	740 a	Wendy Petty
8 a	Rhodri James	132 a	Kirsto Manuaric	237 a	Nick Petty
151 a	Richard James	1 g	Paul J. McAuley	290 a	Rog Peyton
738 a	Bo Jangborg	443 a	Joe McCaly	520 a	Arline Peyton
449 a	John Jarrold	672 a	Martin McCallion	413 a	Albert Pickard
627 a	Steve Jersey	424 a	Angus McCallister	728 n	John Pickering
55 p	Christine Jennings	322 s	Doug McCalum	727 n	Annabel Pickering
338 a	Frances Jobling	525 a	Neill McCarthy	370 t	Lelupy Pienfur

Illumination Programme Book

685 a	Laurie Pinesker	244 a	Jane Smithers	491 a	Jo Walton
422 a	friend of peter pinto	251 a	Dan Smithers	161 a	Christina Ward
459 a	peter pinto	698 a	Rose Smythe	145 a	Edward Ward
670 a	Marion Pittman	702 a	Zebra Smythe	643 a	Lesley Ward
710 a	Sandra Pitts	697 a	Christine Smythe	648 a	Danie Ware
708 a	Jim Pitts	696 a	Colin Smythe	58 a	Peter Wareham
183 a	Phil Plumby	700 i	Luke Smythe	236 a	Freda Warrington
689 a	Mark Plummer	701 i	Jennifer Smythe	365 a	Ian Watson
275 a	Norman Plumpton	703 t	Ernie Smythe	522 a	Jessica Watson
349 a	Simon Polley	22 a	Robert (Nejay) Sneddon	739 a	Jennifer Watson
518 a	Alan Poppit	167 s	Robert J Sneddon	521 a	Judy Watson
420 a	Jean Porte	472 a	Adrian Snowdon	562 a	John W Watt
419 a	Jim Porter	51 a	Kate Solomon	705 a	Brian Waugh
686 a	Jason Powell	790 a	P Sontow	78 a	Gerry Webb
592 a	Sherrie Powell	345 a	Ian Sorenson	722 i	Guest of Gerry Webb
682 a	Dean Powell	93 a	Jenny Southern	721 a	Guest of Gerry Webb
659 a	Josephine P Price	92 a	Chris Southern	439 a	Dave Weddell
302 a	Ceri Pritchard	508 a	Georgina Spyry	438 a	Jaine Weddell
786 a	Geoffrey Punshon	115 p	Simon Spore	2 g	Paul Weston
100 a	Larry van der Putte	408 a	Richard Standage	136 a	Karen Westhead
500 a	Terry Pyle	71 a	James Steel	19 a	Mike Westhead
87 a	Phil Rajah	221 a	Helen Steele	135 a	Peter Westhead
298 a	Natalya Rajah	479 a	Andrew Stephenson	18 a	Kathy Westhead
180 a	Dorothy Ramage	584 a	Susan Steppenow	314 a	Susan Weston
182 a	Andrew Ramage	15 a	Jason Stevens	502 a	Alison Weston
43 a	Richard Rampant	172 a	Paul A Stewart	238 a	Peter Weston
381 a	Rae Ramsbottom	174 a	John Stewart	313 a	Eileen Weston
309 a	Bill Ray	652 a	Martin Stewart	685 a	Jim Wetherall
233 a	Suzanna Raymond	178 a	Barbara Stewart	650 a	Alastair Wharton
458 a	Thomas Recktenwald	388 a	Alex Stewart	464 a	Elda Wheeler
692 a	Chris Reed	612 a	Helen Stirling	72 a	Mike Whitaker
367 a	Gareth Rees	454 a	Chris Stocks	480 a	Donya Hazard White
234 a	Alastair Reid	719 a	Arthur Straker	543 a	James White
242 a	Malcolm Reid	154 a	Lars Strandberg	246 a	Kim Whyalls
378 a	Peter Relton	625 a	Gary Stratmann	585 a	Charles A Whyte
773 a	Peter Rendle	104 a	Marcus Streets	247 a	Colin Wightman
639 a	Dan Renney	630 a	Charles Stross	736 a	Paul Wilder
442 a	Womens Press Rep.	336 a	Robert Stubbs	354 a	Bridget Wilkinson
506 a	Stephen Rice	571 a	Alan Sullivan	38 a	Colin Wilkinson
760 a	Andy Richards	593 c	Natalie Sutherland	607 a	Pauline Wilkinson
277 a	John Richards	748 a	Sandra Sutton	608 a	Andrew J Wilkinson
237 a	Mike Richardson	747 a	David Sutton	279 a	Matt Williams
649 a	John D Rickett	340 a	Lesley Swan	327 a	Robert Williams
436 a	Cara Roberts	761 a	June Tabor	548 a	L B Williams
540 a	Terry Robinson	541 n	Dave Tamlyn	40 p	Chris Williamson
68 a	Roger Robinson	305 e	Allison Taylor		
763 a	Nicholas Robinson	208 a	William Taylor		
39 p	Ian Robinson	379 a	Teddy		
754 a	Hilary Rochford	553 a	Machel Thomas		
392 a	Mike Rossiter	404 a	Sue Thomas		
69 a	Tony Rogers	687 a	David Thomassen		
140 a	June Rosenblum	82 p	Donald Thompson		
539 a	Michelle Rosenblum	693 a	Manda Thompson		
198 a	Howard Rosenblum	83 a	Peter-Fred Thompson		
222 a	Steve Rothman	512 a	Paul Thorey		
162 a	David Row	750 a	Kristin Thorlund		
173 a	Marcus L Rowland	270 a	Jennifer Tibbets		
125 a	Katia Runciman	423 a	Tiba		
3 g	Geoff Ryman	364 a	Helen Tidwell		
497 a	Marjorie Sachs	469 a	Alison Tomkinson		
241 a	Jim Samuel	468 a	Neil Tomkinson		
591 a	Adam Saunders	637 a	Jackie Toombs		
568 a	Yuri Savchenko	163 a	Kees van Toorn		
114 a	Bruce Saville	165 a	Angelique van Toorn		
769 a	Keith Scarfe	503 i	Annabel van Toorn		
215 a	Mike Scott	164 i	Lennart van Toorn		
216 a	Alison Scott	14 a	Ivan Towton		
204 a	Angus Scott-Brown	318 a	Barry Trish		
160 a	Gill Seller	212 a	John Trasler		
159 a	Chris Seller	211 a	Karen Trasler		
407 a	Sjoukje van de Scyp	103 a	Paul Treadaway		
959 a	Bob [Fake] Shaw	75 a	Caro Trebilcot		
665 a	Bob Shaw	123 p	Neil Trebilcot		
624 a	Carol Sheller	694 a	Nirvana Jean Tromlin		
169 a	Jean Sheward	171 a	Mark Tucker		
649 a	Shelly Shim	7 a	Martin Tudor		
269 a	Linda Shujman	410 t	Teddy Turnbull		
777 a	Boris Slivok	305 a	John Turnbull		
194 a	Pat Silver	307 a	Heather Turnbull		
383 a	Cyril Simea	308 a	Luke Turnbull		
293 a	Joyce Slater	632 a	Helen Turner		
292 a	Ken Slater	421 a	Louise Turner		
466 a	Mark Slater	683 a	Howard Tytherleigh		
766 a	Martin Smart	774 a	Alexandre Vasilkovsky		
537 a	Stephen Smith	433 a	Paul Vincent		
533 a	Martin Smith	504 a	Richard Vine		
486 a	Margaret A Smith	615 a	David Wake		
5 g	Dr Valerie Smith	614 a	Helen Wake		
70 p	Tony Smith	616 i	Rachel Wake		
130 p	Alice Smith	495 a	Paula Wakefield		
720 a	Jason Smith	119 p	Nigel Walker		
384 a	Lisa Smith	645 a	Keith A Walker		
112 a	Frank R Smith	554 a	Jim Walker		
556 c	Leo Smith	684 a	B Walmsley		
555 a	Gus Smith	311 a	Stephen Walters		